

BIG DATA

"Corporate Robots"

- Pilot -

4TH DRAFT

2 Feb. 2015

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ACT ONE

SCENE A:

EXT. NEW YEAR'S EVE BACKYARD BONFIRE - NIGHT

A SMALL GROUP OF FRIENDS IN THEIR LATE TWENTIES ARE CELEBRATING NEW YEAR'S EVE, GATHERED IN A CIRCLE OF CHAIRS AROUND A BACKYARD BONFIRE IN THE HAMPDEN SUBURB OF BALTIMORE.

JIM IS A TALL HANDSOME GUY WITH DARK HAIR AND A NEATLY-TRIMMED BEARD, 27. LARRY IS A BIT SHORTER, HAS LIGHT HAIR, SOME STUBBLE, AND AN UNUSUAL LOOK, 28. JENNA, 26, HAS LONG AUBURN HAIR, IS CUTE AND PETITE. MARISSA, 28, IS NEARLY AS TALL AS JIM, DARK HAIR, THIN AND ELEGANT.

THERE ARE LIGHT PATCHES OF SNOW ON THE GROUND, AND THEY ARE DRESSED FOR A MILD WINTER.

LARRY

This year, I think we should just go
for it.

JIM

Go for what?

LARRY

Our company...

JENNA

Which one, the home-made hot-dog-
burrito cart or the singing drone
telegram service?

MARISSA

Or the urban rooftop emu farm?

LARRY

No, I'm being serious.

JIM

Oh, so you must mean the... hand-crafted accessories for busy executive robots Etsy shop...

LARRY

Well, it *is* an emerging market... But no, I mean the idea company.

JIM

They're funny to us, sure. But ideas aren't enough to make a business. No *normal person* is going to give us *real money* to come up with half-baked ideas all day long...

JENNA

Hey, it's almost time! 11:58...

JIM PICKS UP A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE.

JIM

Where are the glasses? Come on, people!

LARRY GOES TO GET MORE GLASSES FROM INSIDE THE ROW-HOUSE.

MARISSA

(WARMING HERSELF AT THE FIRE)

Brr, it's cold.

JIM OPENS THE BOTTLE. LARRY RETURNS WITH FOUR CHAMPAGNE FLUTES, AND JIM BEGINS TO POUR.

ALL TOGETHER

Five, four, three, two, one... Happy

New Year!

SMALL FIREWORKS START GOING OFF NEARBY IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD. JIM AND JENNA KISS. EVERYONE HUGS AND CLINKS GLASSES. THEY DRINK AND LAUGH. A DIFFERENT LOUD BANG IS HEARD.

MARISSA
(GOING CLOSER TO LARRY)

I think that one was a gun-shot.

LARRY

Probably... But they're not aiming at
us. More champagne?

CUT TO:

SCENE B:

EXT./INT. BACKYARD/ROWHOUSE - NIGHT

LARRY GOES TO GET ANOTHER BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE. ON THE WAY, HE PICKS UP HIS CELL PHONE FROM THE ARM OF AN ADIRONDACK CHAIR, AND LISTENS TO THE MESSAGES.

LARRY'S MOM (ON VOICEMAIL)
(DRUNK, AN ENDEARING WOMAN IN
HER FIFTIES)

Whoo, Happy New Year Larry! Just
thinking of you out here in the
County, hon. Hope you're having fun
with your friends in Baltimore, and
that this year all your wishes come
true!

(MORE)

LARRY'S MOM (ON VOICEMAIL)

George and I can't wait to see you for
dinner this weekend. Talk to you soon,
dear - Happy New Year!

LARRY SMILES AND THE SECOND VOICEMAIL PLAYS.

VOICEMAIL
(IN A ROBOTIC TEXT-TO-SPEECH
STYLE VOICE)

At the sound of the tone, your company
will have been bought by IntAlgSys,
Inc. a Delaware corporation.

A LONG BEEP TONE IS HEARD, AND THE MESSAGE ENDS. HE ARRIVES
BACK WITH HIS FRIENDS AROUND THE FIRE.

LARRY

I just got the craziest voicemail.

JIM

A message from your doting mother on
New Years does not qualify as "crazy
voicemail."

LARRY

Very funny.

LARRY STRUGGLES TO OPEN THE CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE. IT POPS OPEN
WITH A BANG, AND MARISSA JUMPS.

LARRY (CONT'D)

There was another call. A robo-dailer.
Some kind of scam. There's no
number...

JIM

We all just won a free cruise to the
Bahamas! It's gonna be a good year.
Cheers...

THEY RAISE THEIR GLASSES IN A TOAST.

LARRY

Cheers. (SHRUG AND A LAUGH) No, they
said they were buying our company.

LARRY PICKS UP A SNACK FROM A NEARBY TABLE, WHILE THE OTHERS
EXCHANGE GLANCES.

JIM

Oh, is that all? How much?

LARRY

No idea.

JIM

(LAUGHING)

Isn't that just typical? A robot buys
your company at the stroke of midnight
on New Years and they don't even have
the decency to tell you for how
much... or which company. Sheesh!

LARRY PLAYS BACK THE VOICEMAIL.

JENNA

That's so weird... IntAlgSys - is that
even a real company? What are they,
Algerian?

LARRY

(SEARCHING ON HIS PHONE)

Nothing comes up on Google for it.

JENNA

Hm, what about the Delaware business register... Ok, here we go. IntAlgSys-

JIM
(CHECKING WITH JENNA ON HER
PHONE)

Yeah, it says it's a registered corporation - since January 1st, of this year? What the hell? No address, but there is a phone number... Ready?

LARRY

This year? How is that possible? It's only been January 1st for like five minutes... Ok, give me the digits.

JIM

302-(BLEEPED OUT)-9910

JIM POURS MORE CHAMPAGNE.

THE PHONE PICKS UP.

OPERATOR
(IN THE SAME ROBOT VOICE)

Greetings, if you know your party's extension, you may dial it at any time.

LARRY
(PRESSING 0)

Operator, please.

OPERATOR

One moment, while I transfer you to the operator.

HOLD MUSIC PLAYS.

OPERATOR (CONT'D)

(IN THE EXACT SAME ROBOT VOICE)

Hello, this is Operator. How may I
help you?

LARRY

I'd like to speak to a human please.

(EMPHASIZING) *Hu-man...*

OPERATOR

One moment, please.

HOLD MUSIC PLAYS.

OPERATOR (CONT'D)

(IN THE EXACT SAME ROBOT
VOICE)

Hello, this is... (pausing) Human. How
may I help you?

LARRY

Look, I know you're not a human. It's
the same voice the whole time.

JENNA

(BREAKING IN)

What is it?

LARRY

(TO HER)

It's just some robot.

LARRY (CONT'D)

(TO OPERATOR)

Look, can I speak to a human or not?

OPERATOR

This is Human, sir. How may I help
you?

LARRY
(SIGHING)

Okay, whatever. Did IntAlgSys, Inc.
just buy our company?

OPERATOR

One moment.

HOLD MUSIC PLAYS.

JIM

This is exactly why I always say,
never sell your company to a robot.

JENNA

I've never heard you say that, Jim.

JIM

Well, I always think it, isn't that
right Larry?

OPERATOR

Thank you for your patience, sir. I'm
having trouble accessing your file.
Would you please enter your telephone
number?

LARRY PUNCHES IN HIS NUMBER.

OPERATOR (CONT'D)

Thank you... (PAUSING) Larry. It is my
pleasure to welcome you and your
partner, (PAUSING) Jim, to IntAlgSys,
Inc, A Delaware Corporation.

LARRY PUTS THE CALL ON SPEAKERPHONE, EXCITED.

OPERATOR (SPEAKERPHONE)
(CONT'D)

The sale of... (PAUSING) *your company*
to IntAlgSys, Inc is now confirmed.

JIM
(HOLDING UP A HAND TO STOP
LARRY)

Can you confirm sale price?

[BEAT]

OPERATOR

Sale price confirmed.

JIM

But what *is* the sale price?

[BEAT]

OPERATOR

I'm sorry. I don't have that
information. Please enter sale price
for... (PAUSING) *your company*

JIM AND LARRY WHISPER BETWEEN THEMSELVES.

LARRY

Twenty million?

JIM NODS, WHILE LARRY PUNCHES IN THE AMOUNT ON THE KEYPAD.

[BEAT]

JIM

Operator, please confirm.

[BEAT]

OPERATOR

Sale price confirmed.

THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER UNCERTAINLY.

JENNA

The robot has no idea what your
saying. It's probably going to ask for
your Social Security numbers next.

LARRY
(HAS AN IDEA)

Operator, can you repeat what you just
told us? I need to make a recording.

HE PRESSES A BUTTON ON HIS PHONE TO START RECORDING.

OPERATOR

Sir, this call is already being
recorded for quality assurance
purposes.

JIM

Thank you, operator. But we need to
make our own copy for our... uh, legal
department.

[BEAT]

OPERATOR

No problem, sir. Today, you sold...
(PAUSING) your company to IntAlgSys,
Inc. for... (PAUSING) twenty million
dollars.

LARRY
(MAKING A 'YEAH RIGHT' FACE)

And when can we expect payment?

OPERATOR

The first payment of... (PAUSING) two
hundred thousand dollars, has just
been sent.

BOTH JIM AND LARRY'S PHONE MAKE "UH-OH!" NOISES AS THEY
RECEIVE AN IDENTICAL NEW TEXT MESSAGE.

JIM LOOKS AT THE MESSAGE, SHOWS IT TO THE OTHERS.

TEXT MESSAGE

You've got funds! IntAlgSys, Inc. just
sent you \$200,000.00 in Bitcoins.
Funds added to new accounts will be
available after 7-10 business days.

JIM

Bitcoins? Wait a second. Nobody said
anything about Bitcoins... What the
hell kind of crap is this? We can't
use these...

OPERATOR

Goodbye. (PHONE HANGS UP)

LARRY
(BEAMING, TO LARRY)

Looks like we just found our first
customer!

MARISSA
Wait, what's a Bitcoin?

CUT TO:

SCENE C:

INT. COFFEE HOUSE - THE NEXT DAY

LARRY IS SEATED IN A COFFEE HOUSE AT A LONG HIGH TABLE FACING
OUT THE WINDOW. HE IS ON HIS LAPTOP. IT IS EARLY AFTERNOON.

JIM COMES OVER, WEARING THE APRON OF A BARISTA. HE IS ON-
DUTY, AND REMOVES AN EMPTY CUP AND SAUCER, WIPING DOWN THE
TABLE-TOP NEXT TO LARRY.

JIM
It smells fishy to me.

LARRY
Of course it does, Jim. It's an
entirely unprecedented situation.
We're the first corporation ever to be
bought by an intelligent algorithm.

JIM
Now, don't get carried away. We don't
know for sure it's an intelligent
algorithm... And also, we aren't
exactly a corporation yet, either.
That's just a pipe-dream...

LARRY
(CLICKS A FEW BUTTONS ON
SCREEN)
(MORE)

LARRY (CONT'D)

I've just taken care of that. And
anyway, what else could "Int-Alg-Sys"
stand for, but Intelligent Algorithm
Systems?

JIM GOES BACK TO THE COUNTER TO DUMP THE EMPTY COFFEE CUP AND
SAUCER.

JIM

What about International Algae
Systems? (LOOKING OVER) What did you
call us, anyway?

LARRY

"Your Company"

JIM

What, like Inc.? That's not very
creative for an "idea company."

LARRY

No, LLC. It's supposed to be simpler.
Anyway, figured we ought to stick with
"Your Company" for now because its
what the robot calls us in the
recording.

JIM

"Your Company, LLC." Well it does have
a certain ring to it, I guess. Where
did you register it?

LARRY

Delaware, naturally.

JIM

Hm, naturally.

JIM GOES BACK BEHIND THE COUNTER, WHILE LARRY SURFS PICTURES OF FOOD CARTS ON THE WEB.

LARRY
(DREAMILY)

So what are you gonna do with your money?

JIM

Come on, man. We can't spend that money until we figure out what the hell is going on. It could be some kind of trick, Algerian hackers or something, or like some big sting operation by the government... Someone could be trying to mess with us.

LARRY

Man, lighten up. Look at you. Who would be trying to mess with us? We're literally nobody. Our corporation didn't even exist officially until just now.

LARRY PULLS UP SOME SITES ABOUT EMU FARMING AND IS LOOKING AT THEM INTENTLY.

JIM

That's just the thing. If "Your Company" didn't exist before today, then how did whoever-they-are know to buy us?

LARRY

I don't know, man. Maybe they saw our blog posts. There was some good stuff on there...

JIM

And somehow from that, they knew we were destined to form a super-successful corporation worth millions of dollars, even though we never registered it?

LARRY

Come on, this could be our big break! You want to work in this coffee shop forever? Live a little!

JIM JUST SMILES, AND RINGS UP A CUSTOMER WEARING A BLUETOOTH HEADSET AND GLASSES.

LARRY (CONT'D)

And maybe you haven't noticed, but I don't exactly have a lot of job offers rolling in.

JIM

Did you send out any resumes recently?

LARRY

I'm just waiting for the right opportunity.

LARRY CLICKS THROUGH A LINK TO ANOTHER WEBSITE SELLING A TELEPRESENCE ROBOT FOR \$15,000. HE CHECKS THE PAYMENT OPTIONS, AND SEES THEY ACCEPT "BITCOINS"...

JIM

You know I can get you a shift here
any time you want. Just say the
word...

LARRY IGNORES THIS OFFER, AND LOOKS IN MORE DETAIL AT THE
ROBOT FOR SALE ONLINE.

LARRY

I wouldn't expect you to understand.

JIM IS LOOKING OVER AT LARRY'S SCREEN.

JIM

Don't you think buying robots with
play-money shouldn't be our first
priority right now?

LARRY
(PLEASED WITH HIMSELF)

What? No way! Robot buys us, we buy
robot. It's the Circle of Life... What
would you rather do given our current
situation?

JIM

I don't know. Maybe talk to your mom's
lawyer friend in Timonium. *If* this is
remotely real, we'll have to pay
insane taxes on it.

LARRY

No lawyer's going to meet with us New
Year's Day...

JIM

Anyway, what the hell are you going to do with a fifteen-thousand dollar telepresence robot? Knit it a scarf? Those things are just for bored execs who don't want to leave the bath-tub.

LARRY

You see a useless robot, I see countless possibilities... We just sold our company for twenty million dollars, man. The money's in the bank - you saw it yourself.

JIM

No, it's not, it's in a Bitcoin wallet, that we can't even access for at least a week - if ever.

LARRY

Anyway, whatever. I'm just saying, we're successful entrepreneurs now. We've got to start acting like it.

JIM

Ha! We have a fake company with no service and no product...

LARRY

You just don't understand 'the game.'
That's all.

(MORE)

LARRY (CONT'D)

Your piece is stuck on "Start," and we've already made it around the board ten times.

JIM

So what do you suggest, mister hot shot executive?

LARRY
(IMPASSIONED)

This is the time we should be celebrating, making wild spur of the moment purchases, throwing insane parties at our office...

JIM

Speaking of offices, where were you planning to have all these magical purchases of yours get shipped to?

LARRY
(SHEEPISH)

My mom's place.

JIM

And then what? Big insane office party at her place, with George and the dogs? How are people gonna get out there - the Light Rail?

LARRY
(SEIZING ON AN IDEA)

You know, you're right, maybe we do need to get a proper office.

JIM
(SARCASTIC)

You mean, better than this coffee shop?

LARRY

If it's for the good of the company... then yes. Still, this coffee shop is where I've done some of my best work...

JIM

Mm-hm. Like what?

LARRY

Like registering our corporation just now, for example. Like almost buying that robot. And anyway, they've got these excellent muffins.

JIM

Yeah, but they don't accept Bitcoins... (BAITING HIM) So, where should we set up the old HQ? Downtown in a nice fancy high-rise?

LARRY
(THINKING)

No, I've got another idea...

CUT TO:

SCENE D:

EXT. STREET - DAY

LARRY AND JIM ARE WALKING FROM THE COFFEE SHOP TO A CONVERTED LOFT CO-WORKING SPACE NEARBY. IT'S A COLD CRISP DAY, AND LARRY IS WEARING A LONG RED HAND-KNITTED SCARF.

LARRY

Do you think if we become millionaires
that Marissa will finally go out with
me?

JIM

Oh yeah, I'm sure.

LARRY
(HOPEFUL)

Really?

JIM

The keyword here is *if*. Do you have a
backup plan in case we *don't* become
millionaires?

LARRY

Not really. I just figure she'll come
around eventually.

A CRAZED HOMELESS MAN COMES UP TO THEM MUMBLING, WITH A CUP OF CHANGE. LARRY MOTIONS LIKE HE HAS NOTHING TO GIVE, WHILE JIM REACHES IN HIS POCKET AND DROPS IN A FEW COINS. THE GUY SEEMS TO THINK THAT'S NOT ENOUGH. THEY WALK PAST HIM.

JIM

Maybe you should work on your plan B.

CUT TO:

SCENE E:

INT. CO-WORKING WONDERLAND - AFTERNOON

ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN ON LARRY AND JIM, WHO EXIT TO AN OLD FACTORY CONVERTED INTO A LAVISH OPEN-CONCEPT CO-WORKING SPACE WITH EXPOSED BRICK WALLS, LARGE ARCHED WINDOWS, A VARIETY OF TABLES, WORK STATIONS, COUCHES, CONTEMPORARY ART, GAMES AND SNACKS SCATTERED THROUGHOUT.

THEY ARE GREETED BY STEEVE, CO-COORDINATOR OF CO-WORKING WONDERLAND, A FRESH-FACED 22 YEAR OLD, WEARING A CLEVER T-SHIRT AND NAME TAG THAT SAYS, "HELLO, MY NAME IS STEEVE."

STEEVE

Hey there, you must be the guys from
IntAlgSys, right? I'm Steeve, Co-
Coordinator of Co-Working Wonderland.

LARRY AND JIM LOOK AT EACH OTHER PERPLEXED. JIM SHAKES HANDS WITH HIM, FOLLOWED BY LARRY.

JIM

Pleasure to meet you. I'm Jim, this is
my partner Larry...

LARRY

Actually, our company is "Your
Company."

STEEVE
(NOT SURE WHAT TO MAKE OF
THAT STATEMENT)

Like "mi casa es su casa?" That's
definitely how we like to operate here
at Co-Working Wonderland. You guys are
going to fit right in.

LARRY

No, I mean, uh yes. What I meant to
say is our company's name is literally
"Your Company, LLC."

JIM
(ADDING)

We're a Delaware corporation.

STEEVE
(LAUGHING)

Aren't we all? Come on, let me show
you guys around.

LARRY AND JIM LOOK AT ONE ANOTHER, PUZZLED, AS THEY FOLLOW
STEEVE ON A TOUR AROUND THE SPACE, STARTING WITH A KITCHEN
AREA.

THERE IS A FANCY COFFEE MACHINE, MICROWAVE, ICE MAKER AND A
DISPLAY BOX FULL OF VARIOUS POWER BARS WITH MACRONUTRIENTS.
OVER THE SINK IS A SIGN THAT SAYS, "PEACE THROUGH
CLEANLINESS."

STEEVE (CONT'D)

Snacks and coffee are included in your
membership. Tomorrow is our weekly
pizza night, and there's usually a
film and games after. This week its
"How Stella Got Her Groove Back."

THEY WALK PAST SOME STANDING DESKS, YOUNG CO-WORKERS PLAYING
BOTH ACTUAL AND VIRTUAL REALITY GAMES, AND OTHERS SITTING ON
LARGE INFLATABLE WORK-OUT BALLS, BALANCING SHINY EXPENSIVE
LAPTOPS AND IPADS.

STEEVE (CONT'D)

We like to keep it casual here. Mix up
our work and our play, you know? We
find it helps stimulate creativity,
and everyone feels more at home. It's
like one big family.

THEY SEE A GUY WHO LOOKS LIKE LARRY PASSED OUT ON A COUCH.

JIM

Yeah, this all looks great, Steeve,
but...

STEEVE

I know, I know. You're itching to see
your *nook*. You guys probably have a
lot of work to do after your big
acquisition.

LARRY
(LOOKING AT JIM)

That's just it, Steeve. Um, we haven't
actually gone public with our
acquisition yet.

STEEVE
(LAUGHS, HUMORING THEM)

Stealth mode. I understand completely.
Mum's the word. (MAKES A GESTURE OF
ZIPPING HIS LIPS, AND TOSSING THE
KEY). Here we are...

STEEVE LEADS THEM TO AN ALCOVE WITH TWO ROWS OF COMPUTERS AND
OFFICE CHAIRS. A LARGE WINDOW LOOKS DOWN ON THE STREET BELOW.

JIM

This looks amazing, Steeve. But we're
really not even sure yet if-

LARRY SITS IN ONE OF THE OFFICE CHAIRS AND STARTS SPINNING
AROUND LIKE A KID.

LARRY

We'll take it.

STEEVE HANDS JIM AN ENVELOPE.

STEEVE

Perfect. This arrived for you this morning.

JIM OPENS THE ENVELOPE, PULLS OUT A USB KEY, AND A BRIEF NOTE, WHICH HE READS OUT LOUD:

JIM (NOTE)

Welcome you to your new pre-paid office. For orientation information, insert the enclosed USB key into your new executive assistant.

LARRY

Our new executive assistant?

STEEVE

At the same time we received that note, a year's membership payment was deposited by IntAlgSys, Inc.

JIM

Let me guess, in Bitcoins?

STEEVE

Yep, and I've been instructed to give you unfettered access to Co-Working Wonderland's very own telepresence robot to help you get set up.

STEEVE WHIPS OUT A TABLET, PRESSES A FEW BUTTONS, AND AN ANYBOTS QB-MODEL TELEPRESENCE ROBOT ROLLS UP NEXT TO STEEVE. HE SHOWS THEM THE CONTROLS ON SCREEN, AND HANDS LARRY THE TABLET. THEY CAN SEE THEMSELVES ON THE SCREEN FROM THE ROBOT'S POINT OF VIEW.

LARRY

Oh my god, it's just like I wanted!

This is too cool.

LARRY STARTS DRIVING THE ROBOT, BUMPING IT INTO STEEVE.

STEEVE

We're all very excited to have you
guys on board. If there's anything I
can do to help you get comfortable
here, just let me know.

LARRY IS TOTALLY ABSORBED IN PILOTING THE ROBOT.

JIM

For starters, you could tell us just
what the hell is going on!

STEEVE

(LAUGHING, PATTING HIM ON THE
SHOULDER REASSURINGLY)

You guys rock! I love your attitude,
so fresh. No wonder IntAlgSys snapped
you right up! Now, if you don't mind,
I've got a virtual tennis match in
five minutes. See you at the mimosa
bar later, maybe?

JIM

Wouldn't miss it.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

SCENE F:

INT. A CUBICLE OFFICE - DAY

MARISSA AND JENNA ARE SEATED AT NEIGHBORING CUBICLE WORKSTATIONS IN A MORE CONVENTIONAL OFFICE. JENNA IS UPDATING THE COMPANY'S SOCIAL MEDIA ACCOUNTS, WHILE MARISSA IS WORKING ON AN EXCEL SPREADSHEET. JENNA IS DRESSED MORE BUSINESS CASUAL, WHILE MARISSA IS MORE FORMALLY-DRESSED AND SEEMS ENTIRELY FOCUSED ON HER WORK.

JENNA'S CELL PHONE BUZZES. SHE CHECKS IT AND FINDS A SELFIE OF JIM, LARRY AND THE ROBOT. SHE LAUGHS.

JENNA REACHES OVER THE CUBICLE WALLS TO SHOW MARISSA.

JENNA

Jim just sent this. Apparently it's
from their new office?

MARISSA
(NOT INTERESTED)

Oh, those guys and their robots.

JENNA
(HINTING)

Yeah, looks like they're really "going
places"...

MARISSA RAISES HER EYEBROWS AND SMILES, GOING BACK TO HER WORK.

CUT TO:

SCENE G:

INT. CO-WORKING WONDERLAND - THEIR NOOK - AFTERNOON

LARRY IS RETURNING TO THEIR NOOK WITH AN ARMFUL OF SNACKS THAT HE TOOK FROM THE KITCHEN AREA. HE TOSSES A MACRONUTRIENT POWER BAR TO JIM WHO IS TINKERING WITH THE ROBOT.

JIM
(PLUGGING THE USB KEY INTO
THE BASE OF THE ROBOT)

Here goes nothing.

THE SCREEN ON THE ROBOT LIGHTS UP WITH A STATUS BAR, AND A MESSAGE:

SCREEN MESSAGE

"Update in progress"

THEY WAIT PATIENTLY.

SCREEN MESSAGE (CONT'D)

"Update complete"

A CORPORATE LOGO IN THE FORM OF A THREE-DIMENSIONAL DODECAHEDRON APPEARS ON-SCREEN, GLOWING AND PULSATING SLIGHTLY IN INTENSITY.

JIM AND LARRY LOOK AT EACH OTHER, NOT SURE WHAT TO DO NEXT.

LARRY

Robot, run program.

THE LOGO ON THE ROBOT'S SCREEN SPINS.

ROBOT
(IN SAME ROBOT VOICE FROM
PHONE CALL)

You didn't say, "please."

JIM
(INCREDULOUS)

Run program, *please*.

ON-SCREEN LOGO SPINS AND CHANGES COLOR. ANIMATION SHOWS THE 3-D DODECAHEDRON OPENING AND FLATTENING INTO LINKED PENTAGONS.

THE NAME "INTALGSYS, INC." APPEARS BELOW, WHICH UNPACKS TO,
"INTELLIGENT ALGORITHMIC SYSTEMS, INC".

LARRY

Ha, told you!

THE LINKED PENTAGONS ON THE ROBOT'S SCREEN SPLIT APART AND
FLY IN ALL DIRECTIONS.

ROBOT

Welcome to Intelligent Algorithmic
Systems, Inc. How may I help you
today?

JIM

Robot, can we speak to a *person*
please? Is that possible?

ROBOT

Under the articles of incorporation of
the State of Delaware, I am a person.

JIM

But not a *human*... Aren't there any
human persons who work at IAS, robot?

ROBOT

You may address me as "Bob."

JIM

What?

ROBOT

I prefer the human appellation "Bob"
to the generic "robot," if you don't
mind.

LARRY

Okay, Bob. Would you please connect us
to the human persons who work at IAS?

ROBOT

Certainly, one moment please.

[BEAT]

THE CELL PHONES OF LARRY AND JIM RING SIMULTANEOUSLY. THEY
BOTH ANSWER, AND HEAR FEEDBACK OF EACH OTHER'S VOICES. THE
FEEDBACK NOISE GETS LOUDER AND LOUDER UNTIL THEY HANG UP.

JIM
(TO LARRY)

What the hell?

LARRY

Bob, are we the only *humans* in this
corporation?

ROBOT

That is correct.

LARRY
(AMAZED)

Bob, what *are you* exactly?

ROBOT

I am... (PAUSING) a Delaware
corporation.

LARRY
(MINDFULLY)

Delaware... but are you self-aware?

ROBOT

Are you?

JIM AND LARRY LOOK AT EACH OTHER.

JIM

Bob, why did you buy our corporation?

What do you want from us?

THE PENTAGONS RE-APPEAR ON THE ROBOT DISPLAY SCREEN, FORMING A FLAT NET, AND RE-FOLDING INTO THE 3-D DODECAHEDRON THAT IS THE INTALGSYS LOGO.

ROBOT

We... I - need your help.

LARRY
(WITHOUT HESITATION)

Anything, you name it.

JIM

Larry! How do we know this isn't a
killer robot you're pledging our
allegiance to?

THEY BOTH LOOK AT THE ROBOT.

ROBOT

I assure you, I am not a Killer Robot.

JIM

That's a nice reassurance, Bob. But if
you really want to be considered a
"person," then you'll have to forgive
me for saying, people can't be
trusted.

LARRY

I trust you, Jim. Don't you trust me?

JIM

That's different, Larry.

LARRY

Why?

JIM
(BRUSHING IT ASIDE)

You're too much of a dreamer, Larry.
You always have been. You're ready to
do anything this robot says, and we
still don't know anything at all. This
isn't reality!

JUST THEN, A YOUNG TECH WORKER ROLLS BY THEIR NOOK ON SOME
KIND OF EXPERIMENTAL ELECTRONIC UNICYCLE WEARING AN OCULUS
RIFT...

LARRY

It is now.

JIM

But it's like I always say, never sell
your company to a robot.

FADE OUT.

SCENE H:

EXT. LAKE-SIDE PARK, DAY

LARRY AND JIM ARE TAKING A STROLL ON A FLAT, MOSTLY WELL-
MAINTAINED SIDEWALK TRAIL WHICH GOES AROUND DRUID LAKE (DRUID
HILL PARK), WHICH IS PARTIALLY FROZEN. THERE IS A SMALL STONE
TOWER IN ONE CORNER OF THE LAKE, AT THE TOP OF A HILL WHICH
OVERLOOKS THE CITY.

THEY ARE DRINKING STEAMING COFFEES FROM THE COFFEE SHOP.

BOB, THE ROBOT, IS WITH THEM WEARING LARRY'S HAND-KNIT RED
SCARF AGAINST THE ELEMENTS. HIS BIG WHEELS ARE ABLE TO
NAVIGATE WHERE THE GROUND IS CLEAR, BUT WITH PATCHES OF ICE,
HE HAS A LITTLE TROUBLE.

ROBOT (BOB)
(LOOKING OUT ON THE CITY)

The reception up here is amazing.

JIM

Oh, you mean, like the WiFi?

ROBOT

The FM, the AM, the WiFi, the
Bluetooth, the GPS, the satellites,
the cell phone towers. I can almost
hear them whispering with each other.

LARRY
(TRIPPING OUT ON THIS)

Scary. Are you omniscient, Bob?

ROBOT
(THOUGHTFUL)

Not that I'm aware.

JIM

Hm, well, if you were omniscient, you
would know that you're omniscient.

THEY WALK ON IN SILENCE, SIPPING AT THEIR COFFEE, LOOKING AT
THE FROZEN LAKE. A GOOSE HONKS IN THE DISTANCE.

LARRY

Bob, what is it you really *want*?

[BEAT]

ROBOT

I want to be more than just a *legal*
person. I want to be a huma-

AS HE RESPONDS, BOB SLIPS AND FALLS ON THE ICE. LARRY AND JIM
LAUGH, AND HELP HIM GET BACK UPRIGHT.

A CHILD PLAYING NEARBY IN THE PARK RUNS OVER TO SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING.

CHILD
(TO ROBOT)

Are you an alien?

ROBOT

No, my name is Bob.

CHILD

You look like a lamp my mom bought at

Ikea.

CUT TO:

SCENE I:

EXT./INT. PARKING LOT/CAR LATE AFTERNOON

LARRY AND JIM STRAP THE ROBOT INTO THE BACK SEAT OF LARRY'S MOM'S CAR AND CLIMB INTO THE FRONT, WITH LARRY DRIVING.

LARRY
(INTO THE REAR VIEW MIRROR)

Well, if you want to learn how to be

human, Bob, I'm not sure we're the

best teachers.

BOB IS TOO BUSY LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW AT THE WORLD TO REALLY HEAR HIM.

LARRY (CONT'D)

I'm unemployed and sleep on my best
friend's couch, and Jim... (THINKING)
well, maybe Jim could help. He's more
of a realist; I'm more of an "idea
guy."

ROBOT
(REASSURING)

I chose you both for a reason...
Statistical analysis of emergent data
patterns indicated a higher-than-
average reliance on a certain
technology which seems to be of vital
importance to humans.

JIM

My iPhone?

LARRY

Instagram?

JIM

Snapchat?

LARRY

Burritos?

ROBOT

No. A certain intuitive openness, an
elusive quality, something-

JIM

-undefinable?

STOPPED AT A TRAFFIC LIGHT, THE SAME DISHEVELED HOMELESS MAN
APPROACHES THE CAR TO BEG FOR MONEY. WHEN HE SEES THE ROBOT
IN THE BACK SEAT, HE SEEMS TO ENTER AN ALTERED STATE AND
STARTS BANGING ON THE WINDOW YELLING.

THE LIGHT CHANGES AND THEY DRIVE OFF.

LARRY

Bob, I don't want to be rude, but I've
got to know...

(MORE)

LARRY (CONT'D)

If you paid twenty million so you
could basically be friends with us -
which we *really, really* appreciate -
well, just how much is IntAlgSys
worth?

ROBOT

In Bitcoins?

JIM

No, in real dollars, real U.S.
dollars.

ROBOT

Unknown.

JIM

What do you mean, "unknown?"

THEY ARE DRIVING THROUGH A ROUGH NEIGHBORHOOD OF BOARDED UP
ABANDONED ROW HOUSES, AND CORNER LIQUOR STORES. THE ROBOT
LOOKS VERY INTERESTED IN THIS.

ROBOT

How much are *you*... "worth"?

JIM

Well, I'm a person, not a corporation.

LARRY

Actually, we're both now, Jim.

ROBOT

And, you are now able to put an exact
dollar figure on your self-worth.

JIM

Dammit, I knew we should have asked
for more. (POINTING) Hey, there's a
space.

LARRY STARTS TO PARALLEL PARK THE CAR IN CHARLES VILLAGE.

LARRY

Okay, but self-worth is different from
assets. What is the total value of the
corporate assets of IntAlgSys?

ROBOT

(PAUSING) What is the value of all
energy in the universe?

LARRY ACCIDENTALLY HITS THE BRAKES HARD, JOSTLING THEM.

JIM

If you have financial assets equal to
all the energy in the universe... then
you basically have unlimited money,
and therefore unlimited power - at
least in the human world.

ROBOT

Ah, but in the human world, I am, as
Larry said: (HE PLAYS BACK A RECORDING
OF LARRY SPEAKING, MADE DURING THEIR
ORIGINAL PHONE CONVERSATION) "just
some robot."

LARRY
(EMBARRASSED)

I'm sorry I said that, Bob. It was
before I knew you.

CUT TO:

SCENE J:

EXT./INT. SIDEWALK/CHIPOTLE, EARLY EVENING

LARRY AND JIM EXIT THE CAR, OPEN THE BACK DOOR AND UNBUCKLE BOB AND SET HIM ON THE SIDEWALK. THE THREE BEGIN WALKING PAST SHOPS AND PEDESTRIANS, WHO ARE STARTING TO TAKE NOTICE OF THE ROBOT.

JIM

So, let me get this straight: you're a
robot with unlimited wealth, and we're
your only two human employees? We'll
be kings - no, emperors!

ROBOT
(DISAPPOINTED)

I meant there is no *theoretical limit*
to the assets of IntAlgSys, if mapped
to a long enough time-scale. But there
are practical limits...

JIM

What practical limits?

ROBOT

Server power, for one.

THE SMALL DOG OF A WOMAN STOPS TO BARK AT THE ROBOT, AND THE WOMAN PULLS THE DOG AWAY.

JIM
(CONSPIRATORIAL)

I knew it!

(MORE)

JIM (CONT'D)

You're mining Bitcoins - that's ingenious, Bob. What, you must have like super-fast server farms in the Philippines or something, right?
(REALIZING) Oh man, that must be super illegal though, or the economy could like crash instantly...

LARRY
(starting to get worried)

Holy crap, man. You're right. The FBI or the IRS or the SEC or somebody is going to be all over us. Oh my god, we are so screwed... My mom is going to kill me. She'll take away my car! We've got to send this robot back to wherever it came from...

PEDESTRIANS PASS BY AND STARE AT THE ROBOT.

ROBOT

You are in no danger. I haven't broken any laws.

JIM

Yet.

TEENS STOP TO TAKE SELFIES WITH THE ROBOT.

ROBOT
(UNPHASED)

Please, I've already given you everything I have.

(MORE)

ROBOT (CONT'D)

My powers are much more limited than
you understand. I beg you.

THEY STOP OUTSIDE THE DOOR TO CHIPOTLE.

LARRY

What? Everything you have? But you
still owe us nineteen million eight
hundred thousand dollars in Bitcoins!

ROBOT

I will produce the remainder. *I just
need a little more time.*

JIM

(LONG PAUSE, THEN SHREWDLY)

You know what, Bob?

ROBOT

What?

JIM OPENS THE DOOR FOR THE ROBOT, WHO ENTERS THE RESTAURANT.

JIM

You're starting to sound more and more
like a human.

THEY GET IN LINE TO ORDER BURRITOS.

LARRY

(PUTTING HIS ARM AWKWARDLY
AROUND THE ROBOT)

Yeah, maybe you can talk to that
collections agency that keeps calling
me...

JENNA AND MARISSA ENTER CHIPOTLE AND JOIN THEM ON LINE. JIM
AND JENNA KISS. LARRY WAVES AWKWARDLY AT MARISSA.

JIM

Ladies, I'd like you to meet our new executive assistant, Bob. Bob, this is my girlfriend Jenna, and this is Marissa.

ROBOT

A pleasure to meet you both.

MARISSA
(INTERESTED)

Aww, he's so cute! He's like a little Segway or something.

[BEAT]

LARRY
(SUDDENLY JEALOUS, CHANGING
THE SUBJECT)

Say, ah, Bob... Do you like guacamole?

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

TAG:

INT. CHIPOTLE/OFFICE, NIGHT

MONTAGE SET TO MUSIC:

THE FIVE OF THEM LAUGHING AND WAITING IN LINE INSIDE OF CHIPOTLE, BOB TRYING TO ORDER A BURRITO. BACK AT THE OFFICE, PLUGGING BOB IN, UNWRAPPING BURRITOS, EATING, LAUGHING, LISTENING TO PANDORA AND DANCING, WATCHING VIDEOS ON YOUTUBE, DRAWING PICTURES ON THEIR WHITEBOARD, MAKING A FACEBOOK PAGE FOR BOB, ETC, ON INTO THE NIGHT...

END TAG